

CRAWL WIRED

DRY ISSUE FOR WET TIMES: How-to D.I.Y. N.A.P. while keeping the plot alive



**Can U be a gent
in
gentrification?**



**CASHING IN ON ANXIETY: THE INDEPENDENT OF
THE INDEPENDENTS WEIGHS IN**

**DOWN WITH LIBERTY EXCLUSIVE:
PARAGRAPHS REJECTED BY 4ZZZZZZzzzz**

**A BIT OF HONEST MESS NEVER HURT
ANYONE**

Guide to ethical property business bs

Considering gentrifications role in entrenching insidious cultural class stratification, locking lower and lower-middle-class people (most tragically, teenagers) outside of the urban and gentified-suburban nightclub and bar circuit where 'culture' lies – and providing governments incentives to decimate inner-city public housing to push residents further out- ah fucking hell, you've all heard about the housing crisis. Short of telling the government to just build some more fucking houses and fuck everything else, because you would act drastically if you had to consider your best non-housing option.

Considering that the government can't even regulate the egg industry, it is probably up to consumers- probably you.

1. Don't buy or rent property outside of a price range that would be equitable for everybody. If it's not a fair price, don't pay it. Or just rent out the Q1 like a proper member of the bourgeoisie. Or don't, because it'll make cleaner places more in the price range of poor people who CBF with fixer-upper 'character' places and just want to lie in a spa.

2. Boycott vegan cafes (except Govindas). A marker of gentrification is the emergence of ethical eating options. These are often expensive, snooty establishments, sowing the seeds of health anxiety and woo.

3. Heckle fitness groups.

4. Irritate motorists and cyclist-commuters alike by skateboarding in the bike path.



Illustration 1: Die Yuippie Scum: proto-yuippie politics or legitimate protest?



Illustration 2: A HS friend enjoying the Q1

CASH IN ON ANXIETY

ANXIETY is the alleged 'dominant affect' as anarchist groups have alleged. As in, anxiety is the dominant feeling or mood these days – but don't scrutinise your innards for signs of it – because nobody is saying most of us feel anxious literally all or most of the time. It's more than anxious thinking is encouraged by everybody and everything. INCLUDING YOU. Odds are that your own anxious, half-formed, identity destabilising thoughts are much more in the interests of keeping everybody safe and having fun in the long term than government restrictions and oily middle management cunts and photoshopped pop star imperialists, so listen up (or don't, it's ok, I suppose, it's not that urgent, decide for yourself)!

Anyhow, you should read and write a fucking lot. Pester over-worked university tutors for lots of books on workplace casualisation, the strains of “affective labour” (aka being fake for work, thinking & attending to people too much :), preferably standing in the hallway right after a 3 hour seminar. You want to think differently than

all the other students pissing money on piss and all these academics writing about their favourite things. You're not going to be ruled by anxiety working day and night.

You will find out that everything you & them believed in and clung to as saviours and coping mechanisms of alienated competitive capitalism is WRONG and you want to destabilise the system brick by brick, in no strategic order. Remember that anxiety is perpetuated under 'neoliberalism' with constant vagueness, uncertainty, emphasis on individual flexibility and rationality, and social atomisation. Rather than thinking of the economy/culture/politics/society as a building, a structure, we think of it as a set of technological nodes. Like a dot-to-dot, like one of those brain network diagrams. When you scratch out one of, or a bunch of those dots, the other dots will keep the integrity of the whole network and other people's neuroplasticity and intelligence will amazingly adapt to this micro-trauma. This article itself is the product of micro-traumas self-inflicted, with assistance of others, who read and write lots of books and stuff.

You can also write books, but keep in mind that this is a really fucking complex and nuanced issue that we're talking about here and you probably have to be way smarter.

UH OH ANXIETY

What am I doing?

Gulp

You should read all my writing and a lot more because really, we should be having lots more discussion about this. Keep the discussion going. If not in an anxiety-inducing gentrified cafe, paddling in a circle at the back of the surf, because your brains probably aren't working most efficiently hunched over your laptops on your fake child labour persian rugs. FUCK Ah, I could destroy *the bedroom as a personal refuge and consumerist construct*. One more node in my mind, one more brick with weakened signals to these other and more noble parts of my brain. I'm sure if we destroy more node's we'll get to something wholesome, if not in this lifetime, but in revelations. Like rock n' roll, a

few last bashes at it like those old cars where you could pay \$2 a fair for a few minutes of destructive glee. I love that stuff, especially the text equivalent.

Pt. 2: Hard eggs to crack

Just flashed in my mind what we're actually for, if we destroyed everything, like for some post-apocalypse shit? (Metaphorically) smash my records, crunch up unnecessary pharmaceutical blister packs, face books, guitars, billboards, TV's, newspapers (LET'S HAVE A 'BONFIRE SERIOUS) I dunno, how's MODERNITY meant to work? There's a reason why neo-hippies buy into herbal remedies etc. apart from stories about corporate irresponsibility and that is inability to reconcile their idyllic lifestyle visions for the universe with the idea that these big, ugly factories with masked workers and white-coated experts are actually important. What about schools, those hard-to-learn rote memorisation maths and science things with implicit trust in the relevance of these things to an important system? I want what I am good at to form the basis for economy and culture. This is all I can do, writing this silly thing. Don't wanna bow down to those beaurocrats, business people, economists, managers, strategists, scientists etc. doing all the stuff that I could not or would not do. Well, I couldn't expect them to bow down to me, either, or even to relate to or comprehend, much less form an interest in my writing. Nor the people who build, labor, farm, nurse, construct, attend tables, drive forklifts etc. If I had to summarise all this stuff, make simple, not be some annoying preacher, and explain on everybody else's terms, it might be very hard. Is it essentially anxiety about separation, the anxiety that you cannot explain some personal thing tied with your status and identity to somebody else of a different status and identity? Not necessarily so much that they lack the skills or intelligence, but that you do not share enough basic social reciprocity because you're head's been stuck in books lots and you're not grounded? You're anxious, and you're gonna make them anxious. They make you anxious, explaining stuff you don't understand. The people who understand YOU are anxious, neurotics or coddled little uni kids or plain geeks or maybe sometimes, there is some magical cross-over who knows what you're on about and

who's also a tradesperson, a scientist, a business person, a linguistically gifted labourer, culturally some practical mind and you have the weird urge to shut up about all your psychology and philosophy that seemed so real and realise how much you fail as an artist. How much you're stuck on the page, and how little inclination you have to translate something that only makes sense on a page when you are feeling good at concentrating into something of social value for other people. Something to show your old best friend who's gotten world wise. I HAVE LEARNED SOME VERY IMPORTANT THINGS TOO.

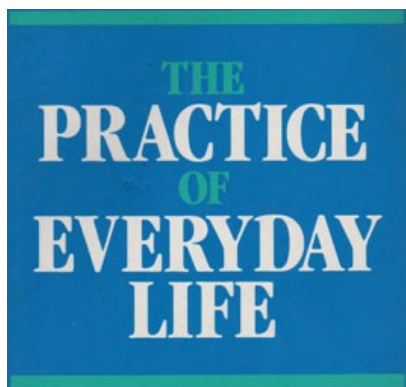


Illustration 3: It is also a book by Michel de Certeau

Pt. 3: Practical/commercial advice

I am getting a bit anxious. Another way to cash in on anxiety is to write **clickbait articles**. Bullet points are a good place to start.

- Let's think about anxiety. You have probably searched for anxiety or its symptoms or perhaps related conditions such as schizophrenia, bipolar, self-induced complex PTSD, progressive cognitive impairment, depression and pregnancy. This is very good, you have taken the first step to acknowledging your probable chronic health condition.

- Anxiety is real. Anxiety is also bad for your physical health. Heart disease, comfort eating etc.

- Anxiety is a social problem. Your life situation probably sucks. Your life situation also doesn't suck, in a way, so you probably suck. Either everything you try and fail at doing sucks because of society, or you just suck at them. Of course, it's much more complicated than that, and

you can never expect to figure out what is true. Truth does not exist, of course. Have you ever thought about that?

- You need to live life for YOU. But even being selfish and meaningless is ineffective in the long run if the world will [insert catastrophe here]

- The good news is that helping other people and causes outside of yourself makes you feel good. Volunteer for a local charity or give a random gift! Be wary of the broader sociopoliticoeconomipsychologicaletc. Effects of organisations which are either untrustworthy or well-intentioned but misguided. For instance, NGOs (non-government organisations) and social enterprises may do more harm than good. Political parties and interest groups are the same. I can recommend some articles for you to read but ultimately, the choice is yours. You may want to do further research. Luckily, anxious people can be blessed with exceptional acuteness and perseverance when it comes to detecting and/or preventing threats to one's dignity or basic security, so you may be very good at this. On the flip side, anxiety can also predispose one to vulnerability to dangerous exploitation out of desperation. If you are unsure, ask a trusted parent or friend.

- Parents and friends are statistically more likely to hurt you than the general public and often share cognitive biases and personality faults and predispositions to mental illnesses the same as yours. Ask a trusted professional.

- Mental health professionals operate on simplistic explanations and definitions of distress that were designed to be convenient for psychiatrists and insurance companies blah blah industry... and they also do not know you as well as they should. If in doubt, ask me.

- AHAHAHAHAHAHA HAAHHAA AHAH I don't give a shit, I just want to write my stupid book just punch me in the face already because this might be SOCIALLY IRRESPONSIBLE. Nobody responds to porn or safety pins or anti-religion or gore, that is lame, memes are like stupid kitsch stores, anarchy is nothing, trees and flowers and skateboarding is boring because no-one else cares and it makes me anxious to leave the house to do the simple things I really want to do like run and climb and

ask for an okay job and give people hugs and be nice and be respected by both children and elders and want to share an ambition for the world to treat everyone okay and run around with no shoes into clean water in pretty but not new or fashionable clothes and blarrghhhh I sound like some hippie who you'd always think was actually faking happiness. Truth is, i'm stuck in the social world. The grimy social world where I acquire dignity through thought, sometimes personal austerity, through behavior and expression relevant to contemporary conditions of life... it is ok, it is expected to be a little bit anxious. You are not on holiday, though it is ok to be on holiday sometimes out of sheer sensible interest. It is also ok to give your mind a holiday from trying to be subversive all the time. The world is not a completely hostile place. Experiencing the parts of our world that conservatives, socialists and anarchists alike see as part of their ideal world helps you be a more well-rounded, grounded person. Being more open to experiences might involve pretending the rest of the world doesn't exist for a while, but also reminding yourself that the world will still be there afterwards and that you have learned something for it's sake. You don't have to be on holiday, by the way. You don't have to do anything at all. Just try to sober up a bit.

Also, you might be more anxious than me but don't assume I feel the same way and feel sorry for me. It's OK. Don't let these words have too much clout unless you believe it will help, somehow. You'll live. Hold this paper by the spine and flap it up and down like a butterfly. See, not scary. If that's fucking stupid then talk to me.

SOMEBODY YELLS OVER THE TOP OF YOU WITH 48937834MW COAL-POWERED AMP MOUNTED ON MASERATI (sorry, I can't hear you, can you hear me?)

You don't have free speech on the internet or on the street or the press. And it's not because you're censored, it's because mass-broadcasted people want the speaking time for themselves. They want all the equipment, privileges and space. The obvious culprits are on TV's, radio and clickbait outrage websites. I think we forgot for a while how unfair these things were when we got the internet and it seemed awkward to be all AHH TURN OFF THE IDIOT BOX, and pop/frivolous mass culture & pop music is mostly OK now while 'alternative music' seems more artificial. But the basic fact that mass-broadcasting is to be treated with scepticism does not seem to be stated. It started off really obvious, when it first came out, then people forgot and hordes of teenagers and kids predictably organised social lives and consumption according to market projections (or did I just hear that, in the media?)

as Jello Biafra yelled "MTV GET OFF THE AIR" and conservative parents gasped and even the people on TV hated it until eventually people stopped caring as much and it was people who like InfoWars who were left to exploit our intuition that TV is really weird and controlled in ways we don't understand. The socialists or vaguely-left, as in the people who are supposed to have the firmest grasp on the fact that money buys influence that isn't earned with merit and consideration, sit around banging on about the subtleties of the portrayal of women on TV or responding to something said that is just terribly outrageous-

Column aborted because it felt a bit too Rage Against The Machine tattoo-having 00's anarchist cliché, and that just doesn't feel right. I don't know how much good they did us, really, and I don't feel entirely right spreading/reigniting an alt-culture defined by their particular schtick, as much as it made enough sense to write about. Oh, the gist of the TV bias thing is true, but what do you want me to do about it? What am I asking you to do? Will you just become paranoid about 'mainstream' and alienate family and friends by trying to be divorced from mass-culture influence? Where will we find this new sacred influence and talking point? It's not immediately obvious, is it – or maybe it is?

More, how do we undo years and years of absorbing stories and content so important to who we are now? It's not sacred enough to chop off contact with anything new. All the dumb school afternoons watching TV, all the books you read, all the centuries that built up to the building of your house, your job, your parents...

Ah, well, just... The basics of basics of life... These media critics and mass-broadcasted seem to be distanced from a fundamental sense of smallness and absurdity. This sense lends itself to common sense, and fairness. Maybe this is just a peculiarity that's part of the best of Western culture (thinking of my impression of 80s British working class socialists), but a sense of basic equality, with enough give and take to be a little bit of a dickhead but also be able to say "fuck off you've had enough", and expect the same accountability. Now it's just bullies pretending to care about your 'criticism'.

(**IMPORTANT:** now of course, not everyone can interact assertively like this, and crowds and dumb charisma drowns out voices, legitimising some kind of cultural process [if not just regulating this weird 20th century mass media thing] of collectively shutting up a bit to ensure actual fairness)

Now, send me some feedback in the form attached. Send me a text for the form, with all your details, thanks. My privacy policy is to call you up and laugh at you, in person.

EXTENSIVE CHAIN AND THE GANG LIVE REVIEW

I could say exactly who submitted the edited version under my name but I would feel a bit mean, and I'd rather lump this incident under 4zzz in general because I had an odd prejudice towards the institution to begin with. There is also the fact that the admin was nice about it, and said I shouldn't let the whole thing go to waste.

Honestly, I can't summon the outrage to defend this thing that didn't really flow all that well to begin with, without making an audience torn between cringing at the original and bothered by this alternative media outlet's momentary (I hope) minor (you judge?) censorship- Ah, I was about to erase that paragraph and start again. Maybe again and again. That should give you an idea of the mental fog I drudged through to write this thing, thinking that a) it'd be buried and b) thinking I could say what I wanted but not feeling as free as when I write for this little print-out. I guess my instincts that it wasn't as free were right – the review might be seen by bands or promoters. In retrospect it is really obvious that I'm wrestling with the knowledge of potential parties looking at me – back and forth, not very concise, and working to a deadline pressure.

THE REVIEW

Who are Chain and the Gang? I'd had a vague awareness of them and their Brisbane show came to my attention when Matt (edit: meant to edit this part.. seemed too self-absorbed to be like “well my boyfriend...” first up) said his landlord

mentioned going. \$35 for tickets. We watched a video of them and I thought it was a bit like something out of Portlandia, though the lyrical content was something else. It would be fun to see some classically cool American band – smug pop songs – and figure out what might be under all the possible/probable layers of irony. \$35 though, on a Tuesday, nope.

*Edit: Who are **Chain & the Gang**? A video of them suggested something they were a bit like **Portlandia**, though the lyrical content was something else. The classically cool American band intrigued me with their smug pop songs and layers of irony.*

Day before, saw a 4zzz call out email to live review. Told Matt, he said I should ask to do it cause he wanted to go. Two door spots! Felt like I'd won a prize for some feat of audacity by asking for them with zero reviewing or volunteering history. Why me? I suppose that 4zzz assume I am basically literate and can write about an experience as much as anybody else (good egalitarians). It's lots of fun being bestowed the opportunity like some real, proper journalist, though. Press pass! Thanks 4zzz.

Must pay attention. What will I write? Sipping Barnsey beer that was I somehow upsold from the \$5 cans (split second impression they were out, or something), while the other bartender jumped in to up-sell a different beer by breaking down the relative alcohol-for-money value. I prefer a bit of honest salesmanship but ended up spilling Barnsey down my singlet in my applause for *I Heart Hiroshima*. Don't think I was that drunk (just clumsy) but strained my mind all I could to remember all that was newly interesting about these Brisbane mainstays. But not straining too hard, not thinking and rehearsing or note-taking. Must listen, must experience the moment.

*Edit: Sipping Barnsey beer at The Foundry, (that was I somehow upsold from the \$5 cans), the applause for Brisbane support **I Heart Hiroshima** caused me to spill beer down my singlet.*

I Heart Hiroshima always seemed a bit before my time. I think I had a few songs by them as a

little high schooler, buried in a messy digital library with some similar but glitzier stuff. They came up when I'd search for Brisbane or Australian bands on the presumed-all-knowing Wikipedia. *That's weird*, I thought. *They seem American*. Since then, lots of Brisbane bands have been made known to me and *I Heart Hiroshima* are in the background, seeming categorically different to the Brisbane bands I know (usually on *Camping* or *Tips For Teens*) and a curious link between today's weirder, punk-influenced, but still kind of cute bands and the days of staying up late on MySpace gawking at colourful scenesters. "I Heart You" was something towering grade 12's in quirky op shop clothes would say, in the days of AOL and dial-up. Despite having associated *I Heart Hiroshima* with that period and giving them a mere nod and a "good on 'em, not for me though", I respect them for standing the test of time lots better than 90 percent of the bands I superficially associated them with.

The first time I saw them was at the Zoo. I did think of it as a bit of a time warp, a catch-up on youthful experiences. The style didn't sound different than it did when I was fifteen. Not the buzz of it's trendy heyday, surely, but a nice change from the usual. This time they played some of their oldest songs and this newer song that reminded me of the Kinks, among others. Subtler signs of high school yesteryear came to the forefront with Neutron something and a slight bashfulness I haven't seen in any newer local band ("This one's more practiced..") but the main impression was of a band with the integrity of sticking to their roots in the best possible way.

*Edit: I Heart You was something towering grade 12's in quirky op shop clothes would say, in the days of AOL and dial-up. Despite having associated I Heart Hiroshima with that period of time, their style didn't sound that much different from what it did when I was fifteen. Not the buzz of it's trendy heyday, surely, but a nice change from the usual. This time they played some of their oldest songs and this newer song that reminded me of the **Kinks**, among others. Subtler signs of high school yesteryear came to the forefront with Neutron something and a slight bashfulness I haven't seen in any newer local band ("This one's more practiced..") but the*

main impression was of a band with the integrity of sticking to their roots in the best possible way.

For one thing, this newer, more 'rock' song highlighted now *not* traditionally 'rock'/macho their presence is, which is a good thing. The quiet respect for the audience, the sober energy of well-practiced concentration and the drummer flawlessly reverting between feminine and masculine vocals consolidates everything that was socially/culturally subversive – and still is important – about their kind of music. Maybe it's why seeing them is plain pleasant. On the flip side, their professionalism seems in principal pretty middle class and half-stoic. Not in a bad way – more like a sensitive but disciplined male primary school teacher (tough job). Not overthrowing the whole system or something but *nice*, however you feel about that. They also feel "*born too late*" too, funnily.

Paragraph unedited up until here. Sentences removed:

Thank you I Heart Hiroshima. Make more show posters to droop off share house walls for years to come.

~

Back from my writing interlude and on to Chain and the Gang, who I knew next to nothing about but they played kind of catchy and looked intelligent and had this middle aged, middle class fan-base that I don't ordinarily see at The Foundry. Ticked the boxes for quality showmanship, but what's endeared me most was frontman Ian Svenonius' words. Chain and The Gang's performance and the resultant encounters led to article-after-article binge and awareness of his books. I've never seen a band as simultaneously silly, serious and purely entertaining.

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"It's just like the movies!" By this stage I'd

sauntered through the unusually thick, but politely dispersed crowd near the front and my internal note-taking became a stream of elbow nudges and excited (edit: didn't clarify it was just to Matt, not strangers) comments and finally, dancing with what seemed like most of the crowd. I don't think I'd even have needed that alcohol-for-money value beer to get into it and the ridiculous thought that maybe they're on speed or something like Adderall crossed my mind, but it seems highly unlikely and I will concede that they are just charismatic performers. Pure charismatic energy and cohesive discipline.

Edit: "It's just like the movies!" By this stage I'd sauntered through the unusually thick, but politely dispersed crowd near the front and my personal space became a stream of elbow nudges and excited comments, and finally, dancing with what seemed like most of the crowd. Pure charismatic energy and cohesive discipline.

Without a TV/media gaze, this is a different thing to witness altogether. They are actors, for sure, and I couldn't quite tell if the eyes of the serious-looking bassist and guitarist betrayed some kind of personal tensions but it all played into the act, anyhow, and I thought of how tough it must be to be American, especially lately. Stern faces and back-up vocals, shrieking Svenonius the centre of this classic guitar, bass & drums four-piece all made up and neatly arranged in pinstripe suits, letting out all of the pompous, gratuitous, very un-Brisbane rock clichés – seemed paradoxically genuine. There was a certain dignity there, dispelling a vague suspicion that they'd be about the kind of irony that says, "we're cooler than this shit, but we'll do it anyway but half-arsed and look tense so you know we're smarter". They are *not* that, they're confident and respectable actors. Perhaps crucially, any cynicism was counter-balanced in political banter that seemed like it would come from somebody who is deeply reflective and not too 'me, me, me'.

Last paragraph unchanged, the following omitted:

I'm afraid Svenonius' long legacy and lack of mainstream exposure (compared to younger US bands like, say, WAVVES, even) is because he

occupies that ever-alienating space of the emotive humanities nerd. I've seen it before a few times, these articulate, passionate, righteously-angry-but-playful people who aren't exactly *academic*, because of some snot-nosed class loyalism and/or disdain for any given subculture or discourse's inadequacy in fixing what their instinctive compassion identifies as important. *Sparks* are playfully ironic social commentators but self-satisfied and bourgeois. *Public Image Ltd.* and the *Sex Pistols* were raucously smart with a bit of disdain for audiences. Well, more than a bit, I guess – voicing a generation's disaffection and spitting "do you feel like you've been conned?" *Chain and the Gang* recycle the *rock and roll* is a sham trope without sneering. It's intellectually challenging in a way that would undoubtedly alienate some people, but not convincingly rock n' roll mean.

They're clever, playful ironists ala *Sparks*, but it made sense finding out later that Svenonius has roots in DC and was on a *Discord* compilation, alongside Ian McKaye and Guy Picciotto's bands. Those guys were ideal teenage role-models for me, wholesome-seeming refuges of respectable conviction and romanticism set apart from sex, drugs n' rock n' roll, the latter which was equally tacky and hard to identify with for a suburban teen girl raised by Christians. *Down With Liberty* and *It's a Hard, Hard Job (Keeping Everybody High)* aren't exactly *Discord*-style *Rock and Roll Bullshit* sarcasm ("yeahhh gonna take some drugs man rock and roll"), impromptu gymnastics (edit: though, must note some crowd engagement, jumping off the stage with us common folks) and TURN OFF YOUR TV backdrops but it isn't the 80s and 90's any more, is it, and the terse, plain-clothed seriousness of *Discord* perhaps seemed too quasi-religious to be reconciled with ever-complex audiences. *Chain and the Gang* is an interesting cross-over.

Edit: Down With Liberty and It's a Hard, Hard Job (Keeping Everybody High) aren't exactly Discord-style Rock and Roll Bullshit sarcasm ("yeahhh gonna take some drugs man rock and roll"), impromptu gymnastics and crowd engagement, jumping off the stage with us common folks, and TURN OFF YOUR TV backdrops.

Following paragraph omitted:

Maybe under every snickering, retro-fetishising, insecure adult is someone looking for something sincere to say. Mental gymnastics, what does this even mean that I'm dancing to an anti-gentrification anthem ("Devitalise the city!") with landlords and venue booking agents and such in an ex-dive-bar, for instance? Every critique of irony being permissive and encouraging complacency seems to apply and you know, maybe I am culturally middle class and complicit as the landlord (who is actually a generous and cool guy), just being terribly amused by it all. Is it better that we do this while being reminded how silly we are?

This is getting terribly long, also. All-in-all it was fun, and I am intrigued. Never seen anything like it. People were lining up getting their pictures taken at the end! *Haha, like the movies*. Ended up lingering for ages in the back room with a friend I assumed had the authority to be there, kind of self-consciously, which the band all responded to with great patience and friendly reciprocity. Despite any slightly cynical detachment – I try not to be easily impressed or intimidated by fame – I guess I was kind of starstruck in a way too. In the most egalitarian way, I hope, though they are objectively superior in terms of work ethic and talent (and probably wanted rest?).

Unchanged except "this is getting terribly long" removed.

I can't completely figure them out in social/political/historical/philosophical terms but they seem basically good. Not alienatingly cool, not boring, just a mix of fascinating novelty and potential camaraderie. I'm probably understating Svenonius' significance in defining the kinds of tensions/contradictions that effect underground music and music people in general. Very curious. You can come here and dance in front of *the Wickham* with a bunch of Gold Coast millenials, trying to eat your felafel kebab and drink your water, decrying American cultural imperialism on an international tour and any hint of irony in that remains unjudged because we like you heaps. It was fun and the band + everybody was kind (when they didn't have to be, really) and a good

book's in the post.

Published with full name, changed after contact made to

- Name M. w/ edits and annotations by livereviews

Oh well, lessons learned. Don't want to bite the hand that feeds you more than you feed it. A bit disappointing, though.

Naps

Napping, feeling calmer than I have in ages, the niceness of soft pillows and the fan. My poor circulatory system, 90 percent of the time. I don't really feel like caffeine because there is no milk and I don't feel like no-doz. I don't really feel sorry for my nervous system though, except in some little flicker in my brain, just a little flicker of vigilance up there and a bunch of words grasping for something, which is nothing, which is words, which I thought of in better form while lying down in lazy calm and told myself I would remember later. And I did, after reading a bit more and lulling around. Looks like my brain's still good in that way. I meant, by grasping for something, as in grasping at being like a bunch of words I've read that seemed interesting to me , and that i'd like to have, but that don't connect to my experience that much. How interesting is damaging your nervous system anyway? Shh, those are just other silly words. It is what it is, I haven't had much artificial stimulation today and now I am having some really nice daytime naps that are almost like epiphanies. No need to make it into anything sinister. Maybe I'll just remember to do this more often.



Illustration 4: Oh, and it's been raining too

and gave myself a medal. Feels nice and smooth. Maybe just a little bit off, but not too much, and I'm releasing a bit of the mental tension by writing more.

Ones from the op shop pile



Illustration 5: Sane and trustworthy things

Please, it isn't about the stimulants, it's partly deciding not to put too much weight on minor social obligations, like facebook messages. It's hundreds of things that you or I hide to present a manageable narrative to the world like 'drugs' or 'grew up poor' or something else expectable. Then maybe you feel or think you're alone if everyone else seems simple, not articulating the billions of flickering, incomplete sophistications and ambiguities in their heads. Or shutting them up for a bit and thinking about concrete realities more. Not in stifling original thought, but in weighing up your alternatives of putting out thoughts or stopping keeping to yourself like somebody who just cares too much but in effect, in exterior, is just as self-centred as everybody else. Now, it is okay to be self-centred, as I did having a nap. That was a decision made to do the responsible thing for my circulatory system and brain, partly made on the basis of knowing that to the outside world, I am having a nap, regardless of whether I spend that time being angsty or toasting in the warmth of doing nothing. My unnecessary (or necessary? I don't know?) thoughts (thinking is important, private thinking is important, everybody knows) still flickered around in a pleasant but not circle-jerk kind of fluent way and not incoherent way. I was working, in my mind, letting my will tick away. This thought, or that thought, put this thought here – no, that feels weird – feeling my brain chemistry, just about. My conflicted brain chemicals and electrical impulses ticking away. Then I wrote this big thing about having a nap

Turbo Fruits stuck in my head. Great mix of energy and lethargy, not altogether smart or abstract and easily written off as garage rock indie clichés – too laid back for mainstream and too trendy for underground but that penciled Volcano image and defeated “whoaoaoaoahh” (Mama's Mad Cause I Fried My Brain) chorus is stuck in my head after what, 4 years? Almost a decade since release, since the bored and rapturous Be Your Own Pet broke up? So 2006, then so 2009. What is it about these Nashville teen bands that's stuck with me over a decade? None of you probably care, because 2006. Asked “Do you have any Turbo Fruits?” in the Pac Fair CD store that shut down, so I ended up getting *Life Sux* by Wavves. I don't really identify with that kind of stuff, apart from having owned a denim jacket and I guess they're all kind of poseurs anyway. With the tough-guy aesthetics. Though I do believe Jonas (the frontman, ex-BYOP) really does ride a motorbike and all you guys reading this are wondering why I'm writing about this wank when there's Pink Reason, Bed Wetting Bad Boys, Destiny 3000 and heaps more underrated, more self-aware and smarter acts than a bunch of rayban-clad, fake surfer-looking types from ten years ago. Hell, Turbo Fruits got on a Famous Footwear ad with their really nice song about touring being a bit of a drag. All amateur-looking footage of blue skies, rope swings into creeks, smashing watermelons, standing around looking cool... They also did a crawfish ad in a southern accent, and possibly a beer ad (or just a song about being excited for

beers). Jemina Pearl, the Be Your Own Pet frontwoman/singer/stage-tantrum-thrower had a less-sustained music career with a subdued solo album, one song with **Iggy Pop** (should I do the 4zzz-preferred emboldening of band names to redeem this article?) singing “Oh I, I... I Hate People” for a bit more rock n' roll cred and it was OK, I guess, until you think how all these nice tween-friendly songs obscure the basically dysfunctional social themes. That's really classic, though. That's like, putting honest feelings to a song to soften them and tell people about them. That's the point, right? Ugly ones, especially.

It's a bit perverse to pay attention to them now over less teenage stuff. It's no-mans/everyman's, apolitical pop music, not-quite-underground, not-quite-mainstream. For when you're an OK kid just trying your best, trying to look after yourself and keep your head on straight.

Hadn't actually listened to any of the songs while writing this, for a long, long time. Am now. Think this guy's just a good guitarist. Yeah, they're catchy but ugh some of the lyrics suck. Yeah, Be Your Own Pet Was better. This article was altogether a bit silly. Dunno, guessed people should see my meandering teenage/early 20s lame exercises in finding stuff to identify with. But you know, I wasn't just a lazy stoner kid. But you know, it didn't *all* suck. But maybe it should remain a secret, because I'd feel weird if everyone was like “yeah let's listen to Turbo Fruits and Be Your Own Pet heaps”. But they won't. It's just good moderate/moderating/sane rock n' roll.

Edit: Oh and I should acknowledge a Brisbane band of somewhat similar (but better) ilk who unfortunately escaped my radar back when this stuff was most important to me. Maybe if this article is offensive, it's because those American bands got attention over Thigh Master because of their connections, or something.

Drop out n tune in I mean tune out or just shut up and be happy or something whatever

Seems like now is a very understandable time to tune out and drop out of society, as far as political, economic, social times go. Already know a few people who have retreated to (or have plans to) some rural place for a while. Or numb yourself with conservative rock or hippie stuff or I dunno. Coping mechanisms. I would like to quarantine myself from all the emotional effects of shitty politics so I can be freer from shitty politics for all our sake's, which is different to 'dropping out' as a righteous political thing or a mind-numbing surrender. What to do, though. When, how, why... Ah, getting a bit vague. Mm, good intentions. And I'm writing. Yeah. As though it's important. If I was not important, if I was not a social being connected to others – I mean we all are connected to others – you just trying to be inconspicuous for *you* because of *others*... More important than *me*, as a big mass of people... I mean fitting in or hiding away for *other people* reasons, instead of being individule who are told they are important cause they don't fit in but also not important because they're different but something's helped me is that you should always be yourself and dont let people look down on what you have to say and dont be afraid cause there's not much love in society but if we believe in each other and stick together we can make the world a better place so if you want to run away just say something to someone who's a friend and accepts your personality and listens. Then we can do fun stuff together and all those people who wanna put you down cause you're different? All those bullies? Well, we won't let them mess with us.





Illustration 6: Nature making do

But I mean yeah have some 'me time' that's cool too, we all need times to ourselves, just don't forget me ok and don't become a hippie (ok no that's mean) or spend all your time playing computer games (no that's mean too) or become obsessed with the narrow and fraught-but-robotic-seeming political discourse on your media feed or just block out anything new, finding an absorbing passion in craft or gardening (but what about 'guerilla gardening'? That's a head-scratcher, given the last issue) I had a stint of retreating to my Nanna's internet-free place and it did me lots of good, I think. Got to feel important as part of a family with nothing cool, nothing my age (mental image of the Wild Thornberries sister) just classical CD box and MTV classic with REM and Len... Epitome of escapism... No, the whole trip wasn't. Cool things, my age, trendy things, trendy politics... Isn't the 'world' the 'escapism' – the complicated, contemporary civic/social/political life- and I escaped that into the bare bones of human social structure, which is caring for the young and old. I rarely see children and the elderly in the city. Didn't see them in music videos either, in any meaningful, participatory capacity, but that's just a frivolous night time distraction.

That's another forgotten problem. The pedestal of youth (teens and young adults) and of being up-to-date with trends (political trends now, more than 'fashion trends'). Most baby boomers are going to be screwed (relatively) and Dad-aged

musicians are cool but will you hear any biting wisdom from the screwed-over ones, on like, the ABC? Just some polished yammering rich people. None of the kids who get progressively screwed over, either. You 'need' the right language to be 'relevant'. Twitter and facebook shit, reading articles. Need perspective, found in boring places. What's good 'underground', if not that?



have a good weekend

